Here pale with feare he doth premeditate,
The daungers of his lothſome enterpriſe:
And in his inward mind he doth debate,
VVhat following ſorrow may on this ariſe.
Then looking ſcornfully, he doth deſpiſe
His naked armour of ſtill ſlaughtered luſt,
And iuſtly thus controlls his thoughts vniuſt.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whoſe light excelleth thine:
And die vnhallowed thoughts, before you blot
VVith your vncleanneſſe, that which is deuine:
Offer pure incenſe to ſo pure a ſhrine:
Let faire humanitie abhor the deede,
That ſpots & ſtains loues modeſt ſnow-white weed.

O ſhame to knighthood, and to ſhining Armes,
O foule diſhonor to my houſhoulds graue:
O impious act including all foule harmes.
A martiall man to be ſoft fancies ſlaue,
True valour ſtill a true reſpect ſhould haue,
Then my digreſſion is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
That it will liue engrauen in my face.

Yea